sea-bed glow in the refracted light through the water, the mountains of the interior sweep and roll away through Punaauia and Paea, and the strand is just kissed beneath the coconuts by the tiny ripples of the lagoon. He is a great fellow too, and a man of memories, and maybe he will talk of London or of Brooke while he mixes the best rurn-punch in the island and you look at the view. But on.

The next district, then* is Punaauia, and the photograph of the coast-line taken from the reef, which here is broken by the Punaruu river and at one little point swings in to the land, shows the greater part of it. It gives perhaps as good an im-pression as could be obtained of the type of country that prevails down the whole of this side of Tahiti. The great hills descend to the sea in green un-dulating folds broken by deep valleys through which little streams have torn a way. For the depth

of about a mile there is a belt of lower land consisting mainly of coconut plantations intermixed with every other description of tropical tree and shrub. Where the cleared plantations cease the bush begins, so thick and thorny as to be alirost impenetrable, while up the valleys of the smaller